Cas. Fore God this is a more exquisite song then the other.

Iag. Will you hear't agen?

Cas. No, for I hold him vnworthy of his place, that does those things: well, God's aboue all, and there bee soules that must bee saued.

Iag. It is true good Leiutenant.

Cas. For mine own part, no offence to the Generall, nor any man of quality, I hope to be saued.

Iag. And so doe I Leiutenant.

Cas. I, but by your leaue, not before me; the Leiutenant is to be saued before the Ancient. Let's ha no more of this, let's to our affaires: God forgiue vs our sins: Gentlemen, let's looke to our businesse; Doe not thinke Gentlemen I am drunke, this is my Ancient, this is my right hand, and this is my left hand: I am not drunke now, I can stand well enough, and speake well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Very well then: you must not thinke, that I am drunke. *Ex.*

Mon. To the plotforme maisters. Come, let's set the watch.

Iag. You see this fellow that is gone before,
He is a Souldier fit to stand by *Cæsar*,
And giue direction: and doe but see his vice,
'Tis to his vertue, a iust equinox,
The one as long as th'other: tis pitty of him,
I feare the trust *Othello* put him in,
On some odde time of his infirmity,
Will shake this Island.

Mon. But is he often thus.

Iag. 'Tis euermore the Prologue to his sleepe:
Hee'le watch the horologe a double set,
If drinke rocke not his cradle.

Mon. Twere well the Generall wete put in minde of it,
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature,
Praises the vertues that appeares in *Cassio*,
And looke not on his euills: is not this true?

Iag. How now *Roderigo*, *Enter* Roderigo.
I pray you after the Leiutenant, goe. *Exit Rod.*

Mon. And tis great pitty that the noble Moore should

Should hazard such a place, as his owne second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity:
It were an honest action to say so to the Moore.

Iag. Nor I, for this faire Island:
I doe loue *Cassio* well, and would doe much, *Helpe, helpe, within.*
To cure him of this euill: but harke, what noyse.

Enter Cassio, *driuing in* Roderigo.

Cas. Zouns, you rogue, you rascall.

Mon. what's the matter Leiutenant?

Cas. A knaue, teach mee my duty: but I'le beate the knaue into a wicker bottle.

Rod. Beate me?

Cas. Dost thou prate rogue? *they fight.*

Mon. Good Leiutenant; pray sir hold your hand.

Cas. Let me goe sir, or ile knocke you ore the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you are drunke.

Cas. Drunke? *A bell rung.*

Iag. Away I say, goe out and cry a mutiny.
Nay good Leiutenant: godswill Gentlemen,
Helpe ho, Leiutenant: Sir *Montanio*, sir,
Helpe maisters, here's a goodly watch indeed,
Who's that that rings the bell? Diablo --- ho,
The Towne will rise, godswill Leiutenant, hold,
You will be sham'd for euer.

Enter Othello, *and Gentlemen with weapons.*

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. Zouns, I bleed still, I am hurt, to the death:

Oth. Hold, for your liues.

Iag. Hold, hold Leiutenant, sir *Montanio*, Gentlemen,
Haue you forgot all place of sence, and duty:
Hold, the Generall speakes to you; hold, hold, for shame.

Oth. Why how now ho, from whence arises this?
Are we turn'd *Turkes*, and to our selues doe that,
Which Heauen has forbid the *Ottamites*: